The Free-and-Bear Style of Scattering Amm mition—Same Texas Justice—A Duct in a Barroom—Old Banker Stancall and Hie Fad

His Once Proud Spirit Was Humbled "Yes, I saw a few rather serious 'gun plays' while in Texas," said Drifter to a friend who wanted some pointers on ranch life in the Pan-handle country. "but at this distance I feel safe in saying that not all Texans are crack shots.

"There is a free-and-easy style about the Texas gun play, however, that keeps an outsider interested from start to finish. For instance, while in Alderman Billy Ward's Elephant on at Fort Worth one evening, I saw two Texas gentlemen settle a dispute in a way that challenged my admiration. A sambler from Mineral Springs had been up against Luke Short's fare game on Main street and had incurred the displeasure of a sport from Waco. Both men knew that Luke was quicker and a surer shot with a revolver than any other man in the State. Although Luke had killed several men he objected to disorder in his place, where, as he said, he ran a gentleman's game. So the Waco chap simply cashed in his chips and quietly said to the sporting man who had offended him, 'You're about fat enough to kill,' ded him, 'You're about fat enough to kill,' Then he left.

"About an hour later, as I stood chatting with the live stock agent of the Katy road in front of the bar at the Elephant, the Mineral Springs gambler came in ordered a drink and had a little confab with the barkceper. There were about twenty customers in the place. Suddenly the swinging blind doors opened and the chap from Waco stood on the threshold with a revolver in his hand and trouble in his

"Come out here, Robertson," he said, "I don't want to muss Billy's place." "The gambler turned carelessly, eyed the man at the door and replied:
"'Go to thunder. I'm busy.'

"In about a second he was exceedingly busy. So was the gentleman from Waco. Strangely enough none of the customers or employees interfered with the principals in that gun play. The barkeeper may have gone down through a trap door behind the bar. At any rate he knew he wasn't needed and disappeared. My friend, the live stock agent, left his liquor in the glass and I followed his example. I also followed very quickly to a convenient shelter be hind the oyster counter. I had seen the gambler produce a six-shooter from under his cost talls and I felt certain that I could do nothng better than to withdraw.

'No time was wasted in preliminaries. Those two Texans just fell to shooting in the most offhand manner imaginable. Business in the hand manner imaginable. Business in the coffin line was certainly looking up. It was all over before I could count ten. From the poles of shuffling feet and the clinking of glasses I knew that it was safe to venture out. Believe me, the gambler was leaning against the bar apparently unburt. The fellow from Waco was standing in the doorway examining a hole in his alouch hat. The City Marshal rode up just then, dismounted and came in.

"Well,' he said, after taking in the situation. Both of you wasted your ca'tridges, didn't you!

"Sure enough, they had. Out of a dozen abots the one that pinged through the Waco man's hat was the only one that had carried anything like danger to the two shooters. There was considerable broken glassware on and behind anything like danger to the two shooters. There was considerable broken glassware on and behind the bar. One shot had spoiled Billy's biggest mirror, and the customers, who were gradually picking themselves out from under tables, congratulated each other upon having escaped with whole skins.

"Jim, the Marshal, confiscated the revolvers, took a drink with each of the participants in the gun play, and then said.

"Better step up and see the Judge unless you'd rather sleep in the calaboose all night. Send for him? Sho now. He's a gentleman, and we'll just go out together and hunt him up. Come along, boys."

and we'll just go out together and hunt him up.
Come along, boys.'

"I was interested," said Drifter, "to watch
the course of justice in a case where two men,
en the pretext of settling a cuarrel, had so scattered their fire as to interrupt business in a popular salcon, to say nothing of endangering the
lives of twenty of Alderman Billy's best customers. So I trailed along with the others.
We found the City Judge playing cards with a
few cronies at the engine house, next door to the
calaboose. He opsued court then and there.
The Marshal was the complainant. Said he:
"Hen, both our friends here had a gun play
down to Billy's place and shot the catsup botties off the tables. Mighty poor shots, I call
em both. The biggest gun I took from the
Waco man, the other six-shooter belongs, or did
belong, to the sporty boy from Mineral Springs.
I charge both prisoners with carrying concealed
deadly weapons.'

diy weapons.

That young Judge didn't waste any time,
did he deem it necessary to call any wit-**Weapons confiscated, he said sternly.

Then, with a smile, to the W co man, he said,

You'd better see Billy Ward and go halves on
the broken glass. It'll cost you \$25 for your

You'd better see Billy Ward and go nalves on the broken glass. It'll cost you \$25 for your gun play.'

"The Mineral Springs patron of Luke Short's fare bank seemed a trifle nervous at this adjustment. "Say, Jim, he drawled to the Marshal, 'it's the calaboose for me, I reckon, I've only got a ten-spot in my clothes.'

"Produce that ten, 'ejaculated the Judge, who delivered himself further. 'I know that you spend your money and most of your time in this city. I guess we'll get you up here again before long. Then we'll make it \$25. Court's adjourned.

"The city treasury was \$35 richer. Justice was appeased. The Waco man said he'd get hunk on the first Fort Worthite that came to his town, and all hands returned to Billy's, where I was regaled with tales of wonderful shooting scrapes, and of the daring of the city marshal in quelling gun plays.

"Ehortly after my introduction to Fort Worth as working editor of a brave little Populist afternoon paper I was warned not to antagonize old man Stoneall, the President of one of the banks.

"'He's the real thing when it comes to a show

old man Stoneall, the President of one of the banks.

"He's the real thing when it comes to a show down,' said young McAdam, the reporter. Whatever you do, as long as you live bere or wish to live in Texas, don't clear your throat if old Stoneall is within hearing. If he hears you let out even one little hawk you're as good as dead. Oh, yes, everybody from Texarkana to Santone knows Stoneall and nobody but a lunatic or a stranger would insult him. If he draws his gun then take to the woods and don't stop till you're out of Texas.

"I had great respect for Mac's knowledge of men and things in Texas. He had an intimate sequaintance with such killers as the cream of the State Rangers; he had been in on several lynching bees and was the bosom friend of the Deputy City Marshal. However, I ventured to ask:

"'How many men has Stoneall killed since

the State Italigers; he had been in on several synching bees and was the bosom friend of the Deputy City Marshal. However, I ventured to ask:

"How many men has Stoneall killed since he came here from Galveston!"

"Mac, strangely enough, evided my question. Don't clear your throat on the street if the old man's within a mile of you. That's all.

"I was annoyed and somewhat alarmed, I must confess. To learn that in the liberty-loving Lone Star State a man should be debarred from exercising the inalicnable right to use his own throat on penalty of sudden death was fritating to say the least. Singularly enough I seemed possessed by a desire to do the very thing forbidden by the old bank President. I found myself following him up and down Main street, my throat growing dryer and death nearer every minute. One day I broke the spell. I took a holiday of twenty-four hours, went over to Dallas, got well primed and let my throat have free and undisputed sway in all its functions.

"I lived in Fort Worth long enough to see old

to Dallas, got well primed and let my throat have free and undisputed sway in all its functions.

"I lived in Fort Worth long enough to see old Etoneall's power wrested from him. His bank got into difficulties and there were rumors that it would not be safe for the cashier to show up at the bank when the old man was awake. My jut that cashier must have had a grudge against himself. He invited swift death on one summer afternoon by visiting the bank for the avowed purpose of having it out with the freeating President. Our little Pon daily was about going to press. Reporter McAdam had turned in his last item when suddenly two shots in rapid succession were heard.

"They're off,' shouted Mac. 'Old Stoneall's at it. There's a gun play over at the bank. Come on.

"As we dusted up the street I felt that gory nows stared at me in my capacity as editor and that a genuine Texas shooting be was on the carpet. A fusiliade greeted my car as we neared the entrance to Stoneall's bank. Just then the negro bootblack, who could sleep peacefully through an eartbquake, dropped from his stool at the bank door, and, on all fours, scrambled across the street yelling:

"Ahm dun foh, shush! Cap Stoneall's bank willed me!"

"Of course he wasn't scriously hurt. A stray bullet, winging its way through the glass panel, had struck that dooring darky on top of

filled me!"
"Of course he wasn't seriously hurt. A stray bullet, winging its way through the glass panel, had struck that dozing darky on top of the head and had ploughed a furrow along his

the head and had ploughed a furrow along his scalp.

"Surely I knew that shrinking figure, drawn up in the shadow of the doorway, with hands close to his sides and head jammed rightly in the corner. Yes, it was the valiant City Marshal. Evidently the bloodshed inside was not over, for again and again shots rang out. Then quiet relaned. The Marshal relaxed from his stitude of rigidity, his paunch and his valor became apparent once more, and as he opened the door and entered the bank Mac and I followed. The gun play was over."

"And old Stoneall and the cashier had shot each other to pieces!" asked the inquirer for facts about life in Texas.

"Well, not exactly," replied Drifter. "They had used up all their annunition. Old Stoneall had been shot through the flowing talls of his old black frock cost. The cashier had lost

about an eighth of an inch off the tip of one ear. The furniture was pretty well shot up, to be sure, the darky bootblack didn't get over his fright for a week, and I have always harbored the suspicion that the Marshal was rather scared himself that day, but the principals, as in the other gun play I told of, were none the worse for their little abooting match. "Mac wrote the story of the abooting. We published it, and the next time I mst old Stone all on the street I took chances. I deliberately cleared my throat. I had made up my mind that before he could kill me he would have used up more cartridges than a man ordinarily carries in Texas. Yea, I escaped," concluded Drifter. "I think old Stoneall's apirit was broken. He didn't kill any sody while I was in Texas, and never mixed in any more gun plays after the one at the bank."

CHAMELEON CHANGES OF TINT. An Attempt to Tell How They Are Produce Through the Sense of Sight.

From the Scientific American These little creatures were about five inches in length, of a general dark green bue shading to gray, assimilating the various objects upon which they rested slowly but very decidedly. I arranged several little corrals, one with a white base, another with a gray, another with a green, and changed the occupants about. In ten or fifteen minutes they very materially would adapt themselves to the very tint, though they never became white, the change then being merely a fading out of all lines, leaving the body a faint gray. At night they be-came a beautiful green, which may be consid-ered their normal color. The changes made in confinement, I am confident, were not so rapid as those when lizards were in their native Florida, where moisture and hot days and

confinement, I am confident, were not so rapid as those when lizards were in their native Florida, where moisture and hot days and nights gave them the exact temperature necessary for their best displays.

There is something mysterious and even uncanny in watching the change of color. When placed upon a green twig the little creature would immediately draw itself out, extend its front and hind legs at full length, and become to all intents a part of the twig or branch, so that it was difficult to distinguish it. Meanwhile the mysterious blush or green was deepening and stealing over its back and sides, making the resemblance still more striking. The natural assumption of one who had given the subject no especial attention might be that the anolis had glanced around, and, percelving that it was presenting a contrast not favorable to its personal safety, had assumed a color more protective. In other words, that there was some intelligent act associated with the change. When the little creature was blindfolded it assumed the same tint as at night, and did not change when placed upon the most striking colors, showing that the eye was the involuntary medium by which the different tints were obtained. The act of adaptation is perfectly involuntary, or made without the knowledge of the animal, alternative without the knowledge of the animal. At least this is the generally accepted explanation, and the experiments which have been made with blind animals seem to show beyond question that the eye is the medium.

These peculiar changes, which are so well known in fishes and reptiles, can be understood by giancing at the pigment cells of a frog. The skin is seen to consist of two portions, the cutis and epidermis, the latter apparently being made up of cells. The cutis has large cavities among the nerves, which are commonly filled with pigment and are very sensitive, contracting and expanding in a remarkable way. The pigment cells of the formal power of the prevailing color of the animal. At least this shades, The color of

ABOUT SLEEP-WALKERS.

Some Harrow Escapes and Some Cures That Proved Effentive. From the Hartford Courant.

The mention of a sleep-walker standing upon the street railway track the other night and barely escaping being run down has brought to the minds of many people incidents in this line that have come under their observation, and it is simply astonishing how general is this habit. One person mentions the case of a member of the household who was found wandering about on the housetop, all unmindful of his danger while the observer was at his wits' end to know how to get him in before he should make a mis step and fall to the ground. Usually the eyes of the somnambulist are wide open, and now and then a story indicates that the vision must be fairly good at times. For instance, a gentleman remembers that when he was a young man an acquaintance was badly given to the habit, and he would often go

For Instance, a gentleman remembers that when he was a young man an acquaintance was badly given to the habit, and he would often go out into the yard and wander about. One night a number of them lay in ambush for him just to watch his operations. By and by the door opened in a business-like way and out came the young man. He went straightway across the street into a lot where there was a nut tree and proceeded to pick up nuts and put them in a pile. A few moments at this task, then he started toward the house. In spanning the fence he made a misstep and fell. This awakened him, and while he was in the first act of collecting his thoughts he saw in the darkness the young men who were watching him. Just at that time their appearance so startled him that he fiel like a deer. The circumstance was so impressed upon his mind that he never afterward indulged in the habit.

A gentleman told an amusing incident that happened in his early life. He was sure that he could not have been more than 5 or 6 years old at the time. He often found himself at the far end of the long, unfinished chamber where he slept, and usually could not awake sufficiently to find his way to bed sgain, so one or the other of his parents would hear him crying and come to his rescue. Naturally they got a little tired of the bother and no one should be blamed for what followed. As stated, the chamber was an unfinished one, and in place of the guard rail at the danger end of the stairway a number of barrels had been placed. When the night's somnambulistic tour culminated that left a lasting impression on his mind, as well as his body—he was near those barrels and it seemed had been struggling to get through between them when he must surely have been killed by falling down the stairs. The noise aroused the parents, and on this memorable occasion the father visited the chamber and just hand the opportunity for administering the usual punishment of those days could not have been forty years and more ago, but I can feet the sting as if it was last night

To Regulation Received for the Vessels of the

VANCOUVER, Dec. 31.-The Canadian Pacific Trans-Pacific Steamship line has not received any notice of the calling out of the naval reserve. Officers of the steamship Empress of Japan, now in port, said this morning that, should war break out, they would be ready. Each of the three steamers has a complement of fifty white men and officers besides the Chines tokers. The first officer said:

"We are supposed to be all naval reserve men, but there are a few exceptions in each steamer. At the call for action we would be ready in twenty-four hours. All the guns are supposed to be at Esquimalt; but as a matter of fact half are here and half in Hong Kong. When word came to prepare we would steam to When word came to prepare we would steam to Esquimalt, place the guns on the mounts already established and steam away for the seat of war before the next sun was down. We would put six quick-firing Maxim guns on the upper promenade decks, fore and aft, and in other parts of the ship we would mount eight slow-firing five-inch guns. We can carry two, and probably three, battalions of 1,000 men each, with all their accourtements and horses. On the trial trips of the Empresses they were pushed to a speed of 19,95 knots, but for mercantile purposes they are required to go only 15.50 knots. The Empress of Japan showed under pressure an averago speed across the Pacific of 17.15 knots.

"My friends," said the eloquent minister,
"were the average man to turn and look at himself squarely in the eyes and ask himself what he really needed most, what would be the first reply surgested to his mind?"
A rubber neck, shouted the prococious urchin in the rear of the room, and in the confusion which followed the good man lost his place in his manuscript and began over again.

Intentions Started a Riot, Caused Sunors to Flash, and Led to a Rush for Life. "If it were not for my dresser, Dave White, I don't believe that I would have half as many calls in my dressing room," Joe Belgium used to say frequently. Belgium has played leads and star parts for a dozen years. Belgium is not the name by which he is advertised on the three-sheet posters, but it is geographically near it, and as Dave White is presumably still alive it would be unfair to the actor to give

"White is the blackest white man and the whitest black man that ever lived," was the expressed sentiment of Belgium's friends after hey had tasted one of his celebrated cocktails. Dave was an expert dresser, and he could pack a trunk so that not a single garment would be wrinkled. He had been with Belgium for several years when the break came, the nemory of which hangs over Belgium like a had dream. To this day the announcement that a colored man wants to see him in his dressing room is the signal for Belgium to take a strates c position where he may act on the defensive. White's admiration for the actor whom he served was equalled only by the hospitality with which he served Belgium's liquors o the thirsty who called. Belgium himself is an abstemious man, but he found it convenient for his friends to have something for their refreshment when they happened to call on him in his dressing room at the theatre, and Dave White dispensed the refreshments with the air of one who had come into his own and wanted all his friends to share it. Belgium is a big, athletic fellow, and Dave frequently when in the company of other dressers, that his gentleman could whip Corbett in wo rounds, and being something of a scrapper himself, he carried conviction with his assertion on several notable occasions. Dave's good humor, however, was so inexhaustible that all of Belgium's friends liked him, and when, one night, after Belgium had made his ast change and was waiting with several friends for his call to go on in the last act, White said that he had a little favor to ask, the risitors told him to ask and it should be granted. "You are all very kind." said Dave, "an' I

jes' want to extend to you all a respectful in vitation to attend the annual ball an' cake walk of the Stage Dressers' Aid Society this evening at 12 in our hall in West Twenty-sev-

"Your respectful invitation is unanimously accepted." said Belgium, very politely.
"Yes, sir, thank you, sir," said Dave, "an' the tickets admitting gent an' ladies is 50 cents including hat cheek.
"We will take five, Dave, at the regular rate," said Belgium, and that was how the trouble began.

"We will take five, Dave, at the regular rate," rasid Belgium, and that was how the trouble began.

When Belgium and his friends, including in the party a young man who has since made his name as a play wright, react ed the address given by the dresser, they found a narrow, dark hallway through which a , ushing crowd of colored people was struggling to reach a flight of stairs that ran up to the dance hall on the second floor.

"Make way for Dave White's gemmen frens," shouted a man at the foot of the stairs who had been stationed there to act as a picket, and as the crowd separated Belgium and his friends worked their way upstairs. They found them selves in a long, narrow dance hall which had a low stage railed off at one end and a little box for the musicians at the other end. In the interinciosure a colored orchestra was playing sentimental airs and around the sides of the room stood colored men and women four deep. The centre of the floor was clear. Most of the women present were in fancy costumes and the men wore either regulation evening clothes or grotesque costumes. Conspicuous above the crowd was a colored man, fully seven feet high, wearing a drab livery.

Dave White wore an old evening suit of Belgium's which fitted him loosely, and across the front of his_shirt was a broad, bright red ribbon with "Floor Manager" stamped on it in black letters. White led his guests into the inclosure opposite the band, and, stop; ing the musicians in the middle of a piece, he made this announcement:

"Ladies an' gentlemen an friends, it gives

ment:

"Ladies an' gentlemen an' friends, it gives
me great pleasure to present to you your judges
for this evening, Mr. Joseph Beigium, the distinguished character actor, and his four friends."

Belgium and his friends were flabbergasted

tinguished character actor, and his four friends."

Belgium and his friends were flabbergasted at this announcement.

"To think that I should end my young career on a razor," said the playwright dramatically. "We would never get out of this place alive if we acted as judges," said another.

Dave was summoned to the inclosure to explain. He assured Belgium that there wasn't a razor in the crowd, and that no matter what the decision might be no trouble would follow. He begged his guests to act as judges because he had advertised them in advance. He wass so urgent in his request that finally they yielded. Dave explained that all the candidates for the cake would walk around the hall to music until the finish. It was the duty of the judges, to weed out the unlikely candidates and tell them to drop out of the march. By this process of weeding only the stars would be left in the ring. This looked like dangerous work, but the judges were in for it and they gave the signal.

The band started a march with a tremendous crash. Mr. Dave White led off with Miss Patty Willow, a very stout colored woman in a ballet dancer's costume made from yellow colored wand behind them canne seventy. See more

callee, and behind them came seventy-live move couples. From the judges' stand if was changes, accompanied by the shuffling of many feet in time to the music. There were long men mated with long women, and short men mated with long women, and short men mated with long women, and short men mated with long women, and had they been all the to the music. The friends of the walkers stood around the outside edge of the ring a solid black, howing mass. They yelled encouragement to the candidates, and as the music got into full swing and quickened its time a bit they began to shuffle and sway in rhythm with it. Every walker strained his or her own way of making the turn. Some of them did it with mititary precision. Others executed a few steps from a wing dance, and then as they wore around settled down into the steady shuffle that would bring them to the next turn. The dust arose from the floor, and the booming of the hand and inc shouts of the on-lookers made a big noise.

Bave White was not the same man. He and Miss Patry Willow had won the previous cake walk, and they were bound to win this one. The musice, in their faces twitched and their cyes seemed to be, hopping out of their heads. In hypotized, and he aprang into the air antematically whenever the cynthols clashed. The novelty and noise of the show stargered the judges, and it was not until the walkers bezan to glare at them expectantly that they awoke to their duties.

"Let's weed out a few and settle the dust," said Heigrium, and the other judges agreeing, he called ten couples off the floor.

The disappointed ones yielded to the decision reluctantly, and when their friends who had been rooting for them realized what had happened they raised an angry protest. The allege and the protest of the floor was a strain the floor of the pudges, and those who were left began to inject more fance yielps into their walk. The walkers had been at it for half an hour, but none of them showed signs of fatigue. The band played one march over and the for the mount of the hard

PARTED BY A CAKE WALK.

AN ACTOR'S LAST MEETING WITH AN ACCOMPLISHED DRESSER.

Me and His Four Friends Consented to He the Judges at a Cake Walk, and Their Good Intentions Started a Biol, Caused Rasers to Flash, and Led to a Rush for Life.

STRANGE JOHN CARLEEN.

STRANGE JOHN CARLEEN.

A CRESUS AND COAL-OIL JOHNNY OF THE TEXAS PRONTIER.

Wobself Knew Where He Came from or WhithAssociation, Limited." If Daye White's name should be Proposed, he would be blackballed.

STRANGE JOHN CARLEEN.

WHEN LINCOLN WAS KILLED.

Only Pive of the Company Playing at Pord's Theatre New Living. BINGHAMTON, Doc. 30,-Among the members of a theatrical company playing a week's er gagement in this city is Mrs. Katheryn M. Evans, who was one of the members of the company at Ford's Theatre, Washington, when President Lincoln was assassinated. Mrs. Evans's husband was arrested on suspicion after the assassination, but was soon released. Mrs.

Evans said to-day:
"There were twenty members of the company, only four of whom are now living besides my-self. They are Harry Hawk, who is still upon the stage, but where I do not know; W. J. Ferguson, now playing with Frohman's Empire Theatre stock company; M. A. Kennedy and Jennie Gourley, who has retired from the stage and lives in Brooklyn. I was living in Wash-ington upon E strept at the time with my husband and Harry Hawk, who roomed at our house, which was only a few doors from Ford's Theatre. My character the night of that awful tragedy was Mrs. Sharp, a housekeeper. Upon the tragic night of the assassination w had not seen Booth around the theatre, and none of us knew or thought anything about him until during the third act, while Harry Hawk was alone on the stage. "We were all in our dressing rooms when the

pistol shot was heard. We rushed upon the stage and saw Mrs. Lincoln holding the head of her husband between her hands and heard her calling for help. We did not see Booth leap upon the stage, nor did we see him afterward. "Harry Hawk looked up toward the box which contained the Presidential party and he saw

Booth spring upon the edge of the box and leap down upon the stage, with a knife in his hand, I wo or three days before the tragedy Hawk and Booth, who had always been almost inseparawhom they were both calling, and Booth told Hawk that if he ever called upon her again he would run a knife through him. Hawk had called upon the young woman the previous evening, and when he saw Booth standing on the edge of the box with a knife in his hand and jump toward him, he naturally feared for his life and run.

the edge of the box with a knife in his hand and jump toward him, he naturally feared for his life and ran.

"As Hawk ran from the stage Booth jumped up from where he had fallen and limped off with his leg broken. It was Hawk's running from the stage and concealing himself in his dressing room that confused people as to where Booth had gone, and Hawk's dressing room was searched before they got on the right track. Meantime Booth had secured a good start on his horse, which was waiting for him at the stage door. Hawk was accused of being a conspirator in the plot and came near being murdered a dozen times.

"My husband, J. H. Evans, was well acquainted with Booth, and on the same evening that the shooting occurred was with him for a short time. On account of this fact he was placed under arrest, but was released shortly afterward. He noticed nothing wrong with Booth at the time. He was lively, and a social glass was taken by them before they separated.

"As Hawk, who was supposed at first to be an accomplice, had his room at our house, it was searched from garret to cellar, upon the remote possibility that Booth was concealed somewhere under the roof. Walls were sounded, beds pierced through and through with swords and bayonets, the trunks and wardrobes broken open and searched, and every possible place of concealment pried into. The sound of galloping hoofs outside the door, as messengers rushed to for weeks afterward that any degree of quiet and order was restored.

"I remember poor Spangler, whom I knew

for weeks afterward that any degree of quiet and order was restored.

"I remember poor Spangler, whom I knew well and who was stage carpenter near the theatre. He happened to be standing at the outer stage door as Booth ran toward him after the shot, and in his confusion opened the door for Booth to escape. He was entirely innocent of any criminal intent, but was imprisoned for six years and came near losing his life. W. J. Ferguson was call boy at the theatre."

Mrs. Evans says that the discussion which the death of George A. Parkhurst in New York in July, 1890, caused as to whether he was the last surviving member of Laura Keene's company, enabled her to learn the whereabouts and subsequent history of the members of the company.

"LIKE BILLY ROOD'S PARM" The Colloquialism Some Country Maidens Coed on a City Youth.

A young man of this city, who was visiting friends in the southern part of the State last summer, discovered that the young women in the place had a slang expression which he could not understand.

"Like Billy Rood's farm," said the young women when they wanted to cast doubt on something that had been said. With metropolitan conceit the young man attributed the expression to the silliness of country girls, and for a time made no inquiries. His curiosity got the better of him one night, however, when, after ing a damsel, with whom he had been coque ting for a week, that he loved her, she looked him over from head to foot, then smiled, and said:

"Like Billy Rood's farm." This was where the young man began to in-vestigate. He learned that Billy Rood was the owner of a big stock farm a few miles down the river, and that running through the farm was s trout stream. Adjoining it were heavy woods

where the shooting was excellent. Down to Billy Rood's farm all through the summer and a part of the winter people used to go to fish and shoot. When they were thirsty they would visit Billy's creamery and help themselves to milk and cream. When they were hungry they thought nothing of going up to the house and asking for food. They trampled

to the house and asking for food. They trampled down Billy's fine farm land, emptled his trout stream, shot his cattle by accident, and consumed hundreds of dollars' worth of his eatables and drinkables each year.

Billy Rood was a natient man. For years he welcomed the visitors and was glad to entertain them. It got to be too much of a good thing after a while, though, and Billy revolted. He didn't up and pitch somebody off the farm; nor did he have any wordy arguments over the matter. He just marched into town one day and posted up the following sign in the lobby of the principal hotel:

NOTICE.

Everybody in this town is invited to visit my farm thenever they please.

Their friends may come too.

My milk and cream is to be drunk; come and help

My milk and cream is to be drunk; come and help me get rid of it.

If you want anything to eat day or night wake up my servants and ask them for it.

I stocked my trout stream for the public. My woods are open to all.

You're welcome to shoot my Jerseys when you can't find anything else in the woods.

There's nothing I'm so fond of as plenty of company. Everybody's welcome to do just what they want to on my farm, LIKE HELL.

The next time a girl said "Like Billy Rood's arm" to that young man he knew what was

MAGNETIZED CARDS.

A Clever Trick Done by the Aid of Shoemakers Wax and a Button.

There are fakirs going about this town pretending to have the ability to magnetize a pack of cards, and in that way to be able to hold a whole pack suspended from the palm of the hand with apparently no other support. The fakir first shows a pack of playing cards of the ordinary type and invites the bystanders to examine them. After the examination has been completed, the fakir lays the pack down in front of him, and placing his left hand palm downward on a table, takes up the cards, one by one, and tucks them under his hand. The first card is put in under his fingers, the next one parallel with this, under the main part of the palm, and

with this, under the main part of the palm, and the next two are tucked under the sides of his hand, but on top of the ends of the first two. Then in order, all the others are tucket in, between these four and the hand. When they are all in place, the fakir draws his hand carefully to the edge of the table and then clear of it, and the cards all remain suspended. When a sufficient amount of wonder has been produced by the trick, the fakir offers to sell the secret of it to any one for 25 cents.

The trick is clever, but it can be done without buying the secret from the fakir. The secret lies in having a button conceated in the hand, which has a bit of shoemakers' wax stuck to the centre of it. Just before beginning to place the cards under the left hand, the button is stuck fast to the palm of that hand, a little way back from the fingers. The first two cards are so placed that their inner edges are tucked under this button. The button holds these cards in place, and they held all the others. Closing the hand will cause the cards to drop, and at the same time loosen the button from the palm so that it can be got out of sight.

Squandering Money-Some of Mis Ways of Separating Himself from Rt.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. SAN SARA, Tex., Dec. 17 .-- In the mountains on the frontier of Texas one hears of strange characters. Bold and daring men come here to make fortunes, others come to escape from the memory of their misfortunes, and others in search of adventure. No one ever know what brought the man Carleen to the San Saba. He was a mystery, and almost his every act was clouded in mystery from the hour that he set his brogan shoes into the black mud of Menaidville until one fine day ten years later when he bid his cowboys farewell, and they said as the stage disappeared over the bills toward San Antonio: "There goes the strangest character that ever struck Texas."

Mr. Carleen was a Frenchman, betraying his

nationality in the pronunciation of a score or

more English words he had picked up on the road from New Orleans to the prairies of the Lone Star tate. When he appeared for the first time in the streets of the little frontier village where he afterward became so well known, he was dressed as a common laborer, smoked a short pipe, and carried a stout stick. The cowboys lounging about the Brindle Steer saloon sized him up and rendered a verdict that a good average job of sheep herding would just about fit the degree of tenderfootedness that was manifested in his language, manner, and carriage. After a few moments' conversation the winks that were exchanged between the loungers indicated the superior satisfaction that they experienced over the correctness of their judgment, but their organs of vision were suddenly expanded beyond all capacity of closing without an extraordinary effort when the newcomer, with little ceremony and few words invited the whole crowd to refresh themselves at the bar of the Brindle Steer. He did want a job of herding sheep, and he began to ask ques-tions as to wages, and about the price of lambs and ewes and rams while the barkeeper was giving him change for the big yellow doubloor that he had selected from the handful of loose coins to pay for the drinks. Something like respectfulness on the part of the crowd toward the stranger, which had succeeded the curlosity he had aroused, grew into admiration when Mr. Carleen accidentally dropped a silver-mounted revolver from his coat pocket and carelessly picked it up with the indifference of an old plainsman. All were apparently eager to answer his questions and grant him information upon every subject with such promptness and

plainsman. All were apparently eager to answer his questions and grant him information upon every subject with such prompiness and pleasure as to please the Frenchman immensely. Carleen lounged about the hotel for several days, getting acquainted with the people and making himself immensely popular by his liberality. People thought it rather strange that such a man would go off into the mountains to herd sheep for \$40 a month, but those who were most intimate with the stranger said that they thought he simply wanted to learn the business. There were others, however, who did not hesitate to express the opinion that the Frenchman was a stage robber and that he had come out into the mountains to hide.

Mr. Carleen soon demonstrated that he was not a slow man. He developed and executed his plans with the rapidity that distinguished the greatest of all of his countrymen. While everything about him speared to be shrouded in mystery, he acted as if he had nothing to conceal. He appeared to live for the purpose of astounding and mystifying those who were watching him. In the course of eight or ten days the news came to town that the mysterious Frenchman, after a few days' herding, had expressed himself as being tired of following the flock for wages. He had purchased 10,000 hend of sheep and paid for them in good San Antonio paper, so the story ran. Next he bought the famous Los Floretas grant, containing 100 sections of grazing iands, and soon afterward Mr. Carleen came to town, confirming all these stories and making arrangements to put a barbed-wire fence around one of the largest pastures in western Texas. Could it be possible that the man was going actually to fence in 64,000 acres of land! This happened back in the early 70s, before the cattle kings and big syndicates began to string barbed wire around whole counties. The Frenchman spent the night in Mensadville, and long before suries on the next morphing he was on his road to San Antonio, accompanied by half a dozen cowboys, driving a herd of ponies in front of

hundreds and thousands or square mines or grazing lands, and around all this vast scope of country he began to erect a wire fence. He instantly broke ground for the purpose of es-tablishing a home place on the banks of the San Saba. Hundreds of laborers were set to work guarrying rock, while other hundreds were engaged in digging for the foundation of his house. It took him two years to complete this immense structure. It covers at least half an acre of ground, and is five stories high, and all ogether one of the most beautiful and asdounding pieces of architecture in America to day. The walls are of pure white marble while great columns of bluish grante support

while great columns of billsh grantle support a magnificent porch extending around (wo sides of the entire structure. Artists came from Parls to exert their skill on the colling and walls. During the filme that he was building this palace away out here on the frontier of Texas Carleen never said a word of his family, or, for that matter, a weard of his own history. His tongene rad like a beit chapper on all his ascents and purchased the all over eastern Texas, and as a consequence at the end of a year or more his mimense estate was well stocked. At that time he was regarded as one of the greatest cattlemen on the frontier.

The strange man did not limit his extraordinary improvements to the palace that he erected. He kept a large force in his quarries, and a little army of masons was employed for several years in building long lines of stong concer. These attenders were not erected after the manner of such old tumble-down affairs as one often sees in some of the older States. The walls were of colid dressed stone, and there were great stone utilizes amount the entablature of which were trailing vines, clusters of grapes and festoons of flowers, exhibiting in the highest style of art the skill of the support. Between the se pillars swung massive from the will thills of the San Saba, where wolves how lat hight and deer sleep beneath the shade of the oaks, rules are not yet ruins, but here on the will thills of the San Saba, where wolves how lat hight and deer sleep beneath the shade of the oaks, rules and through the great valleys, while up there on the mountain stands white aroinst the western sky that gigantic pile of ferses, he brought an abundance of noney into the country, and he gave thousands of other of the san shade of the oaks, rules and through the great advantage to this particular part of Texas, He brought an abundance of noney into the country, and he gave thousands of people emoloyment. As long as he prosecuted his gigantic schemes this was the most property of the french and the such as a such cou

night to drive something from his mind. The great house was crowded with people who were bent upon pleasure alone, and strange rumors circulated as to games of eards where not only millions but beautiful women were lost and won. Carleen began to give away money. He made one of his neighbors a present of a large pasture and a fine herd of cows. To another he gave a large bane of graded polled Angus steers. To a lavorite cowboy he gave a whole drove of fine horses, and at the feet of a beautiful singer from San Antonio he threw a check for \$100,000 in gold. The daughter of a gamekeeper who handed him a cup of cold water from one of his own surings was rewarded with a band of sheep. He attended a school exhibition, and at the close of the exercises he presented each and every one of the little boys and girls with a check for \$5,000.

During the flood tide of his prosperity he had stocked a fine park of several hundred acres with the arrest specimens of wild animals from every known nook and corner of the globe. One day, just before the final crash, when the Frenchman was in a particularly hilarious mood, he mounted his horse and in vited every one about his house and in the country to help him slay these zoological specimens. His guests, heated with wine, and his cowboys, always eager for a frode, were, of course, ready for such fine sport. The sinughter lasted three whole days. Elephants, llons, tigers, and loopards were hunted down and shot with Winchesters to the music of hounds and the blast of horns. Deer, antelope, and rare birds were spared, and after the royal sport was ended the gates of the park were thrown open and these allowed to run wild. There were plenty of people who believed that the mysterious pond-thrift had found Bowie's famous lost silver mines of the San Saba. Others thought he was some European Prince who had linerited a limitless fortune, and there were others who insisted that the man was either canable of con-

thrift had found Bowie's famous lost silver mines of the San Saba. Others thought he was some European Prince who had inherited a limitless fortune, and there were others who insisted that the man was either capable of converting the baser metals into gold or else he had been a great pirate or an Old World bank robber. Toward the end people did not care to be intimate with the strange man, though hundreds were indebted to his liberality for their fortunes. Carleen realized the situation, and one fine day he walked out of the great palace of St. Cloud and turned his back upon the country with so little coremony that those who knew him best were most astonished. He stopped in San Antonio long enough to make a firm of lawyers familiar with his affairs.

He was next heard from in London in company with a woman of great beauty, and shortly afterward a few lines floating about in the newspapers told the story of the suicide in the great English metropolis of a rich Texan who had left a million on deposit in the Bank of England. It was Carleen—John Carleen—and he died as he had lived—a mystery. And so ended the greatest of all Texas mysteries. He came a mystery, lived ten years in a cloud of mystery, and disappeared in mystery.

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bridle a good deal, he was far in the rear, and the stampede had gone past him, so that when he overtook the rear end he passed to the front on the other side and rode on the wrong flank. When he reached the head of the herd he was just in time to defeat the manceuvre then under execution of bending the moving mas from a straight line to a semi-circle. Revolver in hand, disregarding the other man, he began shooting in the faces of the wild steer, and the effect of this was to straighten the run and bring the advance straight toward a precipice. This precipice was a wash in the prairle, forming a deep ravine fully thirty yards wide, and in a shorter time than it takes to tell of this contretemes, the head of the column was pouring over, a horrible cascade of beef, plunging madly to destruction, while fleeing from an imaginary slanger.

"When Mr. Wilson and his lieutenants saw that it was impossible to save their cattle, they saved themselves by dexterously turning at right angles at full speed and riding out of the way. They n xt returned to the flank and held a council of war. A tew seconds decided them, and all hands commenced firing into the herd, the object now being to build a breastwork of carcasses and save the rear end from destruction that had overtaken the front. The gully was nearly full of cattle by this time. They were snorting and bellowing, crashing and tearing, and still heaping up, and when the firing began the wounded ones turnied over on the others, and in a short time the gully, like a sunken road at Waterloo, was bridged by carcasses. The herd surged up in billows like an ocean, and still heaping up, and when the firing began the wounded ones turnied over on the others, and in a short time they are shorted, and Wilson and his men crossed the gully, like a sunken road at Waterloo, was bridged by carcasses. The herd surged up in billows like an ocean, and still heaping up, and when the firing began the wounded ones turnied of the surged o the stampeds had goine past him, so that when he overtoot the rear or he passed to the rent he overtoot the rear or he passed to the rent he way that in time to detect the manure with the most of the herd he way just in time to detect the manure and the effect of this was to straighten the run and the effect of this was to straighten the run and the effect of this was to straighten the run and the effect of this was to straighten the run and the effect of this was to straighten the run and the effect of this was to straighten the run and the effect of this was to straighten the run and the effect of this was to straighten the run and the effect of this was to straighten the run and the effect of the way. They are straighten the run and the effect of the way the run and the effect of the way the run and the effect of the way. They are straighten the run and the effect of the way. They are run and the effect of the way. They are run and the effect of the way. They are run and the effect of the way. They are the run and the effect of the way. They are the run and the effect of the way. They are the run and the effect of the way. They are run and the effect of the way. They are the run and the effect of the way. They are the run and the effect of the way. They are run and the effect of the way. They are the run and the effect of the way. They are the run and the effect of the way. They are the run and the effect of the way. They are the run and the effect of the way. They are the run and the effect of the

SILVER BOLLARS OF 1804. WERE THERE ANY COINED IN THAT

YEAR IN THE MINTS! oubts on This Point Held by Numbematist and Mint Officials, Who floy That the Die Made for That Year Was Not Used Thes.

From the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph. Coin collectors, experts, and curio hunters throughout the country are much interested in a story from Great Falls, Mon., that a bartender at Choteau, Mon., and taken in over the counter for drinks an 1804 silver dollar, said to be genuine. In this city the better informed numismatists place little faith in the dollar being the real thing. They can, nowever, but theorize on that point at this distance, but if any one has faith in the find, they have been very careful to hold their tongues when dis

cussing the incident. In this connection it is important to mention a fact that is probably not known to the general a fact that is probably not known to the general public, and that is the doubt, now generally held by men who make old coins a study, as to whether there were ever any silver dollars coined by the United States mints in 1804. This doubt is also held by many of the mint officials who have been connected with that institution for years, and it goes far to explode the old story told in school books that nearly 20,000 of these dollars were coined in that year, and were shipped to Tripoli to pay the United States troops in service there, and of their use to purchase the freedom of Americans enslaved by the barbarians of northern Airica.